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THE FEMALE CONGRESS;

OR, THE TEMPLE OF COTYTTO:

A MOCK HEROIC POEM,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

Hail, goddeſs of nocturnal ſport,
Dark-veil'd *Cotytto*, t' whom the ſecret flame
Of midnight torches burns; myſterious dame,
Who ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon-womb
Of *Stygian* darkneſs ſpits her thickeſt gloom.—

MILTON.

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MDCCLXXIX.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

MOCK HEROIC POEM.

TEMPLE OF COTYTTO:

OR THE

FEMALE CONGRESS:

THE

ADVERTISEMENT.

I May perhaps incur the charge of vanity, by prefixing an apology to a trifle, which does not deſerve, and may not be thought to require one: but, ſome paſſages in this little work are liable to miſrepreſentation; and I would much rather be eſteemed vain, than capable of the ſlighteſt irreverence, towards the fair ſex, or religion. If, then, I ſhould ſeem to have ſtruck out ſome portraits, that are touched with a pencil too bold and free, my reader will pleaſe to accept the following excuſe.

The great end of poetry ſhould be to ſerve the cauſe of morality and religion; and writers, who neglect this end, pervert and miſapply their talents. The comic poet promotes virtue, by throwing the enchanted veil of fancy over the unpopular character of a cenſor, and reconciling people to the unpalatableneſs of a reprimand. Many men are betrayed by their vanity to the practice of vice, in order to be in the faſhion, who, had they conſulted merely their own feelings, had remained virtuous, or harmleſs at leaſt: To ſuch, Satire applies herſelf; and, by holding forth to them the ridicule attendant on criminal exceſſes, makes their vanity an antidote againſt its own poiſon.

Where the manners happen to be very ſcandalous, and the prevailing vices of the age of a very impure die, ſatire muſt often riſe diſcoloured from its ſubject, and ſeem to border nearly on licentiouſneſs.

centiouſneſs. *Juvenal*, with the beſt intentions in the world, has let fall many things ſhocking enough to a modeſt ear. In condemning ſatire for its freedom, people are too apt to forget its end, and the perſons to whom it is addreſt; and, at the very moment when it is reflecting the image of deformity, they are angry that the figure is indecent, or ungraceful. Satire is not intended for the innocent and ſpotleſs, but the vicious and contaminated, to whom pictures of depravity are no novelty; were it always to preſerve ſuch decorum and chaſtity as not to diſguſt the former, it might want force and poignancy to ſtrike the latter; and ſo ſacrifice the reformation of thoſe to whom it is neceſſary, to the fear of diſpleaſing thoſe to whom it is unneceſſary. Should the chaſte virgin at any time meet with expreſſions or images in the works of the ſatiriſt, that wound her delicacy, let her recollect, that the painting was not deſigned for her inſpection,

and

and that it is exhibited only as an object of deteſtation and contempt.

The following ſheets are the produce of an idle week, ſtolen from ſerious occupations, and were at firſt written merely for my own amuſement; but all our literary amuſements, at leaſt, ſhould be directed to ſome uſeful purpoſe; and I hope I may be allowed, without vanity, to aſſert that, in the following lines, I ſincerely meant to ſerve the cauſe of virtue and religion, by expoſing to ridicule, the parade of profligacy, and more culpable ſimulation of godlineſs.

The frequent violations of the marriage bed, and the riſing licentiouſneſs of female manners, which in our days have diſhonoured *Britain*, muſt fill every man of ſobriety and decency, every lover of retirement and domeſtic comfort, with the moſt poignant indignation and regret; they muſt be attended

tended with proportionable debauchery among the men, deterred from marriage by the corruption of women; and they but too nearly reſemble the melancholy pictures of the manners, that preceded and produced the fall of *Rome*.

Methodiſm and immorality have been propagated with equal ſucceſs, in this age. The adherents of vice may be divided into two claſſes; thoſe, who have fairly got rid of all ſcruples, and, with a refined ſhameleſſneſs, openly avow their inventive and *recherchée* profligacy; and thoſe, who, miſled, or miſleading, by enthuſiaſtic fervours, purſue their pleaſures under the maſk of ſuperior ſanctity and divine inſpiration.---Theſe two claſſes, though diſſimilar in outward appearance, and actuated by mutual hatred and contempt, ſcarce differ in reality; equally corrupted, the firſt enhance their guilt, by want of ſhame; the latter, by hypocriſy; they propoſe to themſelves one common end, im-

punity in the practice of vice, and perſue it by contrary means; the firſt, attempt to bully and overawe the public, and make vice the faſhion; the latter hope to defy the cenſorious, by an affectation of ſuperior piety.

By contraſting theſe two ſets of people, I meant to render them equally odious; I choſe the form of a Mock Heroic Poem to bribe the attention of my reader; and I have avoided, throughout, all alluſion to particular perſons. How I have ſucceeded I know not; the candid will allow me the merit of a good intention.

Non fu mai d' atto alcuno oggetto
Che quivi a gli occhi non ti dipinga.
Sembianti di lascivia e di diletto,
Simulacri de Verzo e di lusinga,
Tafsulli, amori, o firmi il guardo, o giri,
Gli fon sempre presenti ovunque miri.

MARINI.

Non fu mai d' atto oſceno oggetto
Che quivi a gli occhi non ſi dipinga.
Sembianti di laſcivia e di diletto,
Simulachri de Vezzo e di luſinga,
Traſtulli, amori, o firmi il guardo, o giri,
Gli ſon ſempre preſenti ovunque miri.

MARINI.

THE FEMALE CONGRESS;

OR, THE TEMPLE OF COTYTTO.

CANTO THE FIRST.

RELIGIOUS furies, and the *B--w-ſt--t* train,
The *female Congreſs*, and *Cotytto*'s fane;
Wars, horrid wars I ſing, and gentle love,
And twofold fights, where hardy *Chairmen* ſtrove.
Oh plunge me, Phœbus! in *Pierian* ſtreams,
And make my numbers worthy of my themes;
That ev'ry dame may love to lateſt times,
And ev'ry *Chairman* live in lofty rhymes.

Where *London*, haughty bride of ocean, ſtands,
Fraught with the treaſures of a thouſand lands,
And boaſts her pious kings, aerial ſpires,
Her wealthy merchants and poetic fires,
In that bleſt region, where to purer air,
The *place* and *ſquare*, ſublimer ſouls repair,
Who ſeldom pay their debts, and roll afar
From hated creditors, the gilded car;
Within a temple rais'd by potent ſpells,
In pomp barbaric, dark *Cotytto* dwells.
A murky queen, ſhe flies the chearful day,
Yet wide her rule, and mighty is her ſway.
From eyes profane, a broad and lofty mound
Conceal'd the cincture of her choſen ground:
A ſingle wicket, hid from vulgar view,
An entrance yielded to the favour'd few.
Within, the temple roſe, a gorgeous frame
Of jetty lava from *Veſuvio*'s flame;
And towr'd aloft in meretricious ſtile,
A mingled Roman, Grecian, Eaſtern pile.
The mighty columns ſhone, a glaring maſs
Of kindling ſulphur and Corinthian braſs.

Their order too, beſpake the town unchaſte,
For am'rous feat renown'd in ages paſt;
Save that the capitals nor foliage crown'd,
Nor vines nor ivy wreath'd the cluſters round.
Far other ſculptures ev'ry pillar grac'd,
In order meet myſterious figures plac'd.
Such were the ſymbols, as in days of yore
The trophy'd columns of *Seſoſtris* bore;
And quaint device was grav'd, and form of love,
On pedeſtal below, and frieze above.
For years on years the gazer's eye might roam,
And find new wonders in th' enchanted dome.

Comus and *Circe* by the portal ſtand,
To welcome ſtrangers with their cup and wand.
With leaden eyes that ever love the floor,
The god of ſilence guards the truſty door.
On ſofteſt carpets *Sloth* within was laid,
And beds and couches were around diſplay'd;
The ſportful *Flora* heap'd her ſweeteſt flow'rs,
And naked fatyrs trim'd ſequeſter'd bow'rs.

High-

High-rear'd the youth of *Lampſacus* was ſeen,
The child of Bacchus and the Paphian queen.
With kindling eyes and throbbing breaſts, a croud
Of pious dames before his ſtandard bow'd.
Naked were all th' attendants, or array'd
In gauze, that while it veil'd but more diſplay'd.
The goat and monkey ſported o'er the ground,
And wanton ſparrows ſkimm'd in airy round;
The *Cantharis* that loves th' *Heſperian* plain,
With airy hummings ſooth'd the gladſome train.
There might you ſee old *Aretine* advance,
The feaſt to marſhal, and direct the dance;
Here foul *Torrentius** with his pencil ſtands,
To ſketch polluted lectures for the bands.
Ten thouſand mirrors o'er the walls were bright,
Ten thouſand tapers pour'd a flood of light;
Where'er his eyes th' aſtoniſh'd ſtranger threw,
Reflected pleaſures ſtruck his kindling view.
Reſponſive gurgling to the matron's ſighs,
Ten thouſand founts of cordial waters riſe,

* See an account of him in Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*; his infamous works, and miſerable end.

Then

Then fall in lavers of Etruſcan ware,
Where lovers rolling ſteep their am'rous care.

In ſpeaking tints, the painted cieling told
Cotytto's triumphs in the years of old.
Her lov'd *Canopus* in perſpective ſeen;
Th' unnumber'd huſbands of th' *Aſſyrian* queen;
The beds, the bliſsful bow'rs, for *Ninus* dreſt;
How *Myrrha* burn'd; how glow'd *Paſiphae*'s breaſt;
Idume there, her palmy vale diſplays,
And dames of *Paleſtine* their orgies raiſe;
And here, from *Capreæ*'s rocky winding caves,
The luſtful tyrant ſways his trembling ſlaves,
Thro' new delights th' inventive *Spintriæ* roam,
And *Elephantis* holds th' inſtructive tome;
Here livelong nights amidſt the venal band,
Th' imperial harlot* takes her public ſtand:
The guilty ſcenes that ſtain the Roman page,
Poppæa's ſoftneſs and *Fauſtina*'s rage;
The vile extremes of *Baſſianus*' life,
By turns a huſband, and by turns a wife;

* Meſſalina, vide Juvenal

How *Borgia* mix'd the lover and the ſire,
Parental fondneſs, and inceſtuous fire;
All this and more the gay compartments ſhow,
Inſtructive leſſon to the train below.
The train below th' inſtructive leſſon caught,
And freely acted what the pencil taught.
Within a nook retir'd the goddeſs dwelt,
Her form they view'd not, but her influence felt.
Eternal night th' unſeemly pow'r conceal'd,
Yet mortals found her in her works reveal'd.

Where ſuch the temple rear'd it's gorgeous pride,
A votive band with ſtealthy footſteps hied;
(The day-ſtar ſlumber'd in his ocean bed,*
The moon thro' clouds a doubtful luſtre ſhed)—
Gorgopis, *Lycis*, with *Cynopis* old,
Bacchante frolic, and *Thaleſtris* bold;
Fair *Hippia*, that domeſtic ſhame diſdains,
And hunts for infamy on diſtant plains,

* Milton. Lycid.

To lifted fields the torch of Venus bears,
And loves with cannon thund'ring in her ears,
Till common ſtales, that quench the ſoldiers flame,
Stand wond'ring at her bold contempt of ſhame;
Atoſſa, newly freed from nuptial vows,
And fell *Locuſta*, murdreſs of her ſpouſe;
Fluſh'd with the fires their hardy mother gave,
The pert *Porneia*, *Philomiſge* grave;
Demure *Berinthia*, and *Flippante* gay,
Fam'd for her perfum'd lacqueys' long array;
The brown *Andromana*, whoſe prurient mind
Glows with the gen'ral love of all mankind;
Aſpaſia wanton, with *Glycerias* young,
And proud *Diabolis*, by poets ſung.
The chaſte *Diana* ſicken'd at the view,
And as the matrons paſt, her light withdrew.

An antient Sibyl prieſteſs of the fane,
With hollow murmur greets the pious train;
Haggard—for ſtormy paſſions broke her reſt,
Her eye diſtorted, and convuls'd her breaſt;

Such

Such hideous hags the ſlumb'ring ſwain beſtride,
When wicked dreams the curtain'd ſleep * deride.
" Welcome thrice welcome! 'tis the ſolemn hour:
" *Cotytto* calls us from her myſtic bow'r.
" Again ſhe calls—in cadence beat the ground;
" Surround the temple, thrice three times ſurround:"
She fill'd for each a mighty bowl of wine;
Deep, deep, they pledg'd her at the ſecret ſhrine;
She fill'd again, they pledg'd her o'er and o'er;
And as they drank, they thirſted ſtill for more.
Then forms ſeem'd double, to th' enraptur'd croud;
The temple whirl'd around, they ſhriek'd aloud;
While o'er them *Comus* wav'd his potent wand,
With drunken rage to fire the madding band.
The hag to all aſſigns their various parts;
And wondrous ſpells and myſtic love imparts,
Each antic poſture to the goddeſs dear,
Each ſound unhallow'd, pleaſing to her ear.
" Haſte, mother, haſte! (fair *Philomiſge* cry'd)
" Our lov'd aſſociates to the revel guide.

* Shakſpeare.

" To

" To guide our chairmen, mother, haſte away;
" The time flies idle while the youths delay.
" Without our chairmen lifeleſs were the rite,
" Without our chairmen joyleſs were the night."
With eager lips the veſtals caught the ſounds,
And " *Chairmen, Chairmen*" through the dome rebounds.
Loud as *Alcides* to his *Hylas* cry'd,
And *Hylas, Hylas*, all the woods reply'd.
The youths ſhe ſummons, nor unheeded calls,
The brawny ſquadron ſeeks the well-known walls;
The near *Pantheon* they, *Cornelys'* fane,
The proud *Piazza* leave, and *Drury-lane*.
With *Paddy* blooming, came *O Connor* ſtrong,
And *Thady* fam'd for bagpipe and the ſong;
Young *Phelim*, defteſt lad from *Shannon*'s ſide,
And red-hair'd *Sawney* from the *Braes of Clyde*;
Macpherſon was he call'd, no vulgar name;
The vig'rous youth, from loins of *Oſſian* came.

The gueſts, uncouth myſterious homage paid;
The hag round each, the due luſtrations made.

And thrice three times ſhe touch'd their breaſts with flame,
And thrice three times invok'd *Cotytto*'s name;
Satyrion then ſhe gave to all the band,
And plac'd a Taliſman in ev'ry hand;
A figure known by antiquarian tribes,
Which *Meurſius* ſaw, and *Beverland* deſcribes.—
Then, all the train the preſent Goddeſs found,
And ſmoke and blackneſs wrapt their orgies round.
Leſs foul the rout, when *Pentheus*' ſtarting eyes
Saw double Suns, and double Thebes ariſe.
No forms of decency, no ſenſe of ſhame;
Strange ſpectres hover'd, glimm'ring azure flame;
Strange ſounds were heard thro' all th' infuriate croud,
Now ſoftly murmur'd and now burſting loud.—
But never be their rites by Poet ſung;
Eternal ſilence bind the conſcious tongue.
May never lyre in guilty numbers bear
Th' unholy wonders to the modeſt ear;
Nor painter's hand corrupt the virgin's ſight,
Or ſtain his canvaſs with the darkling rite.

The weary train, this act of worſhip paſt,
With eager footſteps to the banquet haſte.
The glutton pow'rs diſplay'd their various hoard,
And drunken rage preſided at the board.
When thus the Hag—" 'tis now the ſolemn hour,
" With choral warblings praiſe the bounteous pow'r;
" My children, pray the pow'r in awful ſong,
" To ſend champaigne, and ſend us chairmen long."
Prompt at her word, the burſting hymn was troll'd,
From tongue to tongue the pealing anthem roll'd,
Like many waters roaring from afar,
Or many pleaders at the ſtormy bar.
" Hail, *Bacchus!* *Bacchus!* planter of the vine;
" And hail, *Cotytto!* from thy myſtic ſhrine.
" All hail, *Cotytto!* Empreſs of the night,
" With *Bacchus* ever join thy myſtic rite.
" Come, fill, poſſeſs, and animate each dame,
" From ev'ry virtue freed, and ev'ry ſhame;
" Come, mighty queen, to fill thy vot'ries, haſte,
" And bid the future emulate the paſt.
" Our glorious thirſt no vulgar pleaſures ſlake,
" Our joys from guilt their very being take.

" Behold

" Behold we offer at thy myſtic ſhrine,
" All ties, all duties, human and divine;
" Child, huſband, parent ſcorn'd;---our god defy'd;
" And laſt and greateſt ſacrifice, our pride.
" All hail, *Cotytto!* hail in myſtic ſong,
" Oh! ſend champaigne, and ſend us chairmen long;
" All hail, *Cotytto!* Empreſs of the night,
" With *Bacchus* ever join thy myſtic rite.
" What riſing flames!---again th' informing pow'r---
" Again my ſiſters,---'tis the ſolemn hour---
" Hark! hark! *Cotytto* calls---her genial ſway---
" We feel, we feel thee---and thy call obey."

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO the SECOND.

AGAIN they ſung, again the rites renew'd,
But pow'rs malign the wond'rous orgies view'd;
A dull, unkind, ungenial influence reign'd;
For leaden Saturn had th' aſcendant gain'd.
Ah frail and fleeting ſtate of human things,
How ſoon do pleaſures ſpread th' inconſtant wings!
Ev'n when we gain the ladder's topmoſt round,
Relentleſs Fortune hurls us to the ground.
To blaſt *Cotytto*'s reign, a baleful pow'r,
The fury *Methodiſm*, deſerts her bow'r;
Queen of the holy leer, and ſquinting eye,
To fields and woods her vagrant preachers fly,
Where men and maids like *little children* rove,
And give the kiſs of peace in ev'ry grove.

'Twas in *Moorfields*, and nigh the proud retreat
Where moody Madneſs holds her wayward ſeat,
The goddeſs ſtabled, in a gloomy den,
Obſcene, impervious to the ſteps of men;
Save to th' elect, who led by inward ſpark,
And light of grace, ſaw cleareſt in the dark.
Nor comb, nor mirrour, in th' abode was ſeen,
Nor female trappings deck'd th' unſeemly queen:
Her matted hair all rough and ſqualid hung,
A tatter'd robe was o'er her ſhoulders flung;
What decency commands, it ſcarce conceal'd,
And many a yawning rent her ſkin reveal'd.
Yet thus uncouth, ſhe kindled am'rous fire,
Her children view'd her with impure deſire.
Some ſhe rejects; as maniac furies guide,
They knit the nooſe; and round her cave they dy'd.

Robes, habits, maſks were on the pavement ſtrown,
Gloves, bracelets, fans, in wild diſorder thrown,
Rings, trinkets, diamonds, foils, and pearly ſhells,
A magazine, to deck ten thouſand belles;

Whatever

Whatever vanity, by faſhion taught,
To grace that charming toy, a female, wrought:
She trampled ſome, and ſome to fragments tore,
And ev'ry wind the ſhining atoms bore.
One eye, was heav'n-ward rais'd with frantic air;
And one, was downward caſt in fell deſpair;
And now, ſhe proudly ſwell'd; and now, a guſt
Of abject meekneſs roll'd her in the duſt:
Alternate paſſions in her boſom riſe;
Alternate viſions float before her eyes.
Now ſolid earth her working fancy rends,
The grave is open'd, and the ghoſt aſcends;
Her madding ſoul recoils with hideous fear,
Hell flames before her, and the fiends appear:
Again her ſoul, diſſolv'd in ſeas of love,
Elijah's raven ſees, and *Noah*'s dove;
And ev'ry puddle, then, is *Jordan*'s ſtream,
Where babes of *Sion* hymn the myſtic theme;
Her turning head with beamy light is crown'd,
And am'rous angels lift her from the ground.

Around

Around the cave were pil'd ten thouſand reams,
Myſterious nonſenſe, and bewilder'd dreams;
Effuſions, breathings, heavings of the breaſt,
Celeſtial manna godly ſouls to feaſt;
Hymns, manuals, pſalms, where fleſh and ſpirit ſtrove,
And prayers to God were breath'd in carnal love,
When foul deſires the hour of worſhip ſtain'd,
And blaſphemous devotions Heav'n profan'd.
A ſimple croud poſſeſs the dreary cave,
And ſing exulting, or deſpairing rave:
A buſy ſpectre at the portal plies,
To knit a bandage o'er their darken'd eyes;
Her ſtraining eye-balls only ſhow'd the white,
Their ſight was inly turn'd for myſtic light;
To nature blind, thro' new creation rang'd,
Diſtorted forms, fantaſtic, falſe and chang'd.
A ſecond ſubtle ſprite, with nimble hand,
Purloin'd the purſes of the hood-wink'd band.
With cold and famine pinch'd, the blinded croud
At awful diſtance in the cavern bow'd;
Their knees with prayers were fretted to the bone,
And hollow prints were worn in ev'ry ſtone.

Far

Far other hours their jocund paſtors knew ;
And diff'rent far, their downy vigils flew.
A ſtately hall behind the cavern lay ;
And happy they, who found the ſecret way.
The elected few the winding paſſage trod,
Who dar'd to make a pander of their God.
Within, the banquet was profuſely laid,
A thouſand off'rings by the vulgar paid ;
A thouſand cates, a thouſand cordial wines,
To chear the zealous dames and grave divines ;
While lamps and tapers caſt a funny glare,
And fires of cedar warm'd the midnight air.
There, novel fancy heighten'd old deſires ;
Religious fervours aided am'rous fires.
Conſtrain'd and pent, beneath the grave diſguiſe,
To double guſto poignant pleaſures riſe ;
When looks auſtere the ſhades of night remove,
And uncontroll'd and free the godly love.
Confinement thus, for many a circling year,
To nobler zeſt ſublimes the bottled beer.

For many a poor-box heap'd, a mighty hoard
Of counted gold was in a corner ſtor'd;
An ideot's cap and bells were grav'd above;
Around were couches ſpread for feaſts of love.
Plac'd in a nook the form of *Boccold** ſtood,
A ſooty figure carv'd of knotty wood.
His wives were ſculptur'd round; above, below.
The maid's diſhonour and the parent's woe;
Her lov'd *Moravians*, their religious heats,
Their fancy'd kingdoms and their am'rous feats.
Pourtray'd on canvaſs or in bronzes caſt,
Were ſeen the pious frauds of ages paſt:
How crafty prieſts the dark prediction gave;
(The vocal foreſt nods; the ſibyls rave;)
The *Lybian* oracle, *Dodona*'s grove,
The dreams of *Numa*, with *Egeria*'s love.
There mourn'd the ſire his *Iphigenia* ſlain;
Here *Taurian Dian* rear'd her cruel fane.
Here were the pageants of *Eleuſis* ſeen;
There prieſts of *Cybel* bled around their queen.

* Commonly called *John* of *Leyden*.

At *Punic* ſhrines the human victims ſtood;
And *Moloch* roſe beſmear'd with infant blood.
There *Druids*, there the prieſts of *Odin* ſtand,
And ſeem to chaunt around the captive band;
Here *Indus* bluſhes with reflected pyres,
And *Bramins* fatten as the dame expires.

Then ſofter ſcenes refreſh the weary ſight,
The *Cyprian* temple, and the wanton rite:
From hill to hill the midnight off'rings flame,
And ſenſual *Peor* wakes the *Jewiſh* dame.
Aſtarte there her guilty pageant ſhows,
Where *Hermon* riſes, and where *Arnon* flows;
And *Syrian* maids adore the *creſcent Horn*,
Where ſtately palms *Orontes'* ſides adorn.
Where bright *Aſopus* laves the *Aonian* plain,
The young *Lyæus* fires his vagrant train;
Then *Io! Io!* maids and matrons rove
The caves, the mountains, and the conſcious grove.
Here, artful miners pierc'd the hallow'd ground;
And prieſts and nuns the winding paſſage found.

Here,

Here, too, was *Barton* with her fond compeer,*
Nor laſt in love, the trances of *Cadiere*.
There, too, had *Whitefield* ſtood in bold relief;
But, ah! the ſculptor's eyes were dimm'd with grief.—
He graſp'd the chiſſel thrice, but graſp'd in vain,
To grave his wand'rings o'er th' *Atlantic* main;
How wept *King's Place*, how *Covent-Garden* mourn'd,
How holy *Magdalens* their Saint inurn'd.—

Such was the cave;—but now, nor flowing bowl,
Nor feaſt, nor cave, could charm the goddeſs' ſoul.
" Is this a time to feaſt?—behold, behold!
" Yon wolf would ſnatch the lambkins from my fold.
" Away! away!—behold *Cotytto* ſtands,
" And waves her banner o'er th' anointed bands.
" Hence, witch of *Endor*! Evil One, away!
" Was it for this I ſeem'd to faſt and pray?
" Monſter accurſt! I ſee the rites begin.—
" Ah wilt thou buffet little-ones with ſin?

* One *Maſters*, a Jeſuit.

" Come,

" Come, daughters, come! the men of *Belial* leave;
" Come, daughters, come! and to your teachers cleave.
" Were ye for this, to wilds and deſarts led?
" Was it for this the feaſt of love I ſpread?
" Can brawny chairmen like my teachers move?
" Or vies *Cotytto*'s board with *feaſt of love*?
" Why will ye glory thus in open ſhame?
" Is there not profit in a godly name?
" It ſhades th' elected, like *Idume*'s palm;—
" 'Tis ſpice of *Lebanon*, and *Gilead*'s balm;
" 'Tis ſweet as Manna, thro' the *Deſert* found;
" 'Tis precious ointment to the ſland'rous wound;
" It kindly oils the creaking hinge of love,
" Can give the pleaſure, yet the ſhame remove.
" Come, hide your vices with a decent ſkill,
" And live with me, as wicked as you will;
" So ſhall my pow'r the ſtealths of love befriend,
" And ſaintly looks to ſecret ſinners lend;
" When youth and beauty fail, inflame the heart,
" And am'rous fires to godly dames impart.—
" Should broad parade of open ſhame prevail,
" My chapels moulder, and my off'rings fail.

" What vig'rous youth for me ſhall crop his hair?
" What wanton dame reſort to morning pray'r?
" Periſh the thought!---Revenge---Revenge betide."
With mental eyes the *Scottiſh* loon ſhe ſpy'd.
" Behold the man, ordain'd by *Jove*'s decree;
" Yon *Scotchman*, born for vengeance and for me;
" Fit engine to my wiſh, the god of gain,
" My dear ally, ſhall fire the venal ſwain."

The goddeſs ſtraight her murky weed forſakes;
A hoary preacher's rev'rend form ſhe takes;
The flowing ſilver o'er her ſhoulders ſpread,
And fourſcore winters whiten'd on her head;
Her weary back a paſtor's duty bow'd;
She paſs'd in form a *Weſtley* through the croud.
Mammon ſhe ſought, and ſoon the dotard found,
Where brokers, Jews, and ſcriv'ners hem'd him round.
Stamm'ring he dealt his ſtern rapacious laws,
(A votive wretch they fleec'd at ev'ry pauſe)
What gain *Diſcount*, and what *Inſurance* yields;
How parchment ſcraps encloſe the minor's fields;

How

How *ſtocks* to-day may fall by gloomy lies,
By fabled triumph on the morrow riſe.
Conſol was written o'er his head in gold,
Scrip, omnium, three per cents, both new and old.
With eye-leſs bounty, gold around he threw;
And men were wealthy where the treaſures flew.
A lott'ry wheel was in a corner turn'd;
And, as the blanks were told, th' adorers mourn'd.
Bank-notes for tap'ſtry all th' apartment lin'd,
The filmy texture wanton'd in the wind.
Here long perſpectives cheſts of gold diſcloſe;
There heap'd in piles Exchequer tallies roſe.
Ten thouſands buſy clerks on ev'ry ſide
The ready pen with flying fingers guide;
Some bulky *Ledgers* poſt, and others ſcrawl
The parchment-chains, that property enthrall.—

The Goddeſs enter'd, and an eager crew
Of *Iſrael*'s ſons around the ſtranger flew,
With *charter-parties*, *contracts* for *ſupply*,
Debentures, *ſales*, and *bonds* of *bottomry*.

Loud

Loud was the din;—the goddeſs onward preſt,
She paſt the croud, and thus the throne addreſt.
" If e'er my frauds befriended *Mammon*'s train,
" Or pious ſemblance ſwell'd thy arts of gain;
" If looks demure and godly ſpeech I taught,
" That antient maid and wealthy widow caught;
" With ſilent growth if princely fortunes riſe,
" On orphan wards and truſted charities,—
" *Cotytto* threats my ruin,—let thy pow'r
" Suſtain a ſiſter in this fatal hour.
" An eaſy labour ſhall my reign ſecure;
" Let offered pelf a *Scottiſh* ſoul allure.
" Haſte, *Mammon!* haſte, the venal mind enthrall,
" And ſoon *Cotytto* and her fane ſhall fall."
Pleas'd with the taſk, the wayward godhead cries,
" Siſter, enough! obedient *Mammon* flies.
" Not earth, nor ſea, nor airy wilds can ſhow
" A queen more honour'd by the fiends below.
" Thy boon is granted, think thy bidding done;
" Exult in vengeance ere to-morrow's ſun."

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CANTO the THIRD.

IN human things, there is a ſecret tide,
And ruling gods the flux and reflux guide.
Shall impious man againſt the torrent ſtrive,
When pow'rs above th' almighty bias give?

To *Broad Saint Giles's*, where *Macpherſon* lay,
Mammon, a gueſt unwonted, took his way;
And lofty garret ſearch'd, and cellar deep,
Where trulls and taylors painful vigils keep,
And many a ſcene explor'd of humble ſin,
Where tatter'd lovers bath'd their cares in gin.
In airy citadel the youth he found,
The toils of night, in morning ſleep he drown'd;
The youth, whoſe might *Cotytto*'s ſmiles approv'd,
A counteſs honour'd, and a dutcheſs lov'd.

In dreams, he wafted *Charley* o'er the main,
He ſaw the king poſſeſs his own again;
And loudly ſnor'd, as when, in crannies pent,
Th' impriſon'd wind is moaning for a vent;
As Hamadryads mourn the woodman's ſtroke,
Or captive *Ariel* from the rifted oak.

The god, in form a *Scottiſh* pedlar ſtood;
He graſp'd a cloth-yard, made of truſty wood;
Red were the plaited honours of his head;
An ample wallet o'er his ſhoulders ſpread.
" Sleep'ſt thou (the viſion cry'd) unthrifty loon?
" A *Scottiſh* chairman ſnore till twelve at noon!
" Ev'n beaus and belles already rub their eyes:
" Degen'rate ſtripling! to thy labours riſe.
" Ill fits it him whom golden hopes invite,
" All day to ſlumber, or to ſnore all night.
" Behold this hairy pouch, 'tis lin'd with gold,
" Three times I fill'd it ſince the moon grew old.
" True, thou art honour'd at *Cotytto*'s board;
" But does thy counteſs pour a golden hoard?

" What!

" What! art thou meanly gull'd with pleaſure's name?
" And wouldſt thou, *gnatis*, meet a lady's flame?
" Never, oh! never till a barren ſoil;
" Let profit be the fruit of ſtrength and toil.
" Thy ſtrength for gain was given thee from above;
" With rev'rence uſe it,---claim the face of love."

He ſmote him thrice, and at his face he threw
The hairy pouch, and thro' a key-hole flew.
Chill'd with amaze, up ſprung the ſtarting ſwain,
His boſom throbbing with the ſtings of gain:
Much he revolv'd the lore within his mind,
Much at the pleaſures of the night repin'd;
The future profits of his ſtrength ſurvey'd,
And ſaw that am'rous chairmen ſhould be paid.
" Why did I toil the weary livelong night?
" What profit crowns me with the dawning light?
" How was I paid?---theſe empty pockets hide,
" All conſcious night! leſt brother *Scots* deride.
" Now, by the dark brown hills, and ſhades that ſail,
" Roll'd in their clouds, along my native vale;

" 'Twas

" 'Twas baſe!—but heav'n inſpires,—a lucky caſt;
" All is not loſt, nor is th' occaſion paſt.
" Let high-born youths, of ſoft and feeble mould,
" Beſtow their paſſion, and beſtow their gold;
" The chairman's love, of more exalted kind,
" Deſerves a meed, a meed ſhall ſurely find;
" I will be paid my price,—I will, by heav'n!
" Nor ſquander talents for my profit giv'n."
Fierce as the courſer ſwims the foamy tides,
And darts like lightning to his ſnorting brides;
Fierce as the lioneſs deſpoil'd of young;
Fierce as the panther by an arrow ſtung;
Fierce as the crocodile with maily ſhell,
Or keen Hyena, felleſt of the fell;
Macpherſon flies, as direful paſſions goad,
And ſoon he reach'd *Glycerias'* proud abode.

Scarce ſixteen ſummers o'er her head had roll'd,
In years an infant, but in pleaſures old.
A noble youth, of antique virtuous ſtrain,
Had ſought the maid amidſt the rural train;

His

His honeſt heart her artleſs manners move,
A precious mine ſhe ſeems, of gentle love.
Her mother buſtled in domeſtic cares;
Her father call'd the houſe to nightly pray'rs;
Nought had ſhe view'd beyond a ſimple ſquire,
A village ball had bounded her deſire.
The god of marriage ſtrew'd the bridal bed,
And Cupids ſeem'd to hover round his head.
Young as ſhe was, the wily maid, with art
Could hide the plaits and foldings of the heart;
But who ſhall paint, the thouſand fiends that lay
Veil'd in reſerve, and ſhun'd the piercing day?
Luſt, envy, rage, revenge, a yelling train,
Death to the ſight, and madneſs to the brain;—
She ſought each ſchool of folly, to his coſt;
And not a ſingle document was loſt:
For pearls diſſolv'd, her coſtly thirſt wou'd call,
And mortgage manors, for a ſingle ball:
By faſhion plum'd, to ſail thro' clouds of vice,
And chace the high-born meteors of caprice,
She join'd the patriot roll of public wives,
And us'd the licence which a huſband gives;

Inflam'd the town with fires that long had glow'd,
And practis'd all her working fancy show'd.
From humble neſt, thus giddy, vain and loud,
The lark aſcends and mixes with the cloud.

Diſſolv'd in indolence *Glycerias* lay;
And curſt th' intruſion of her lord and day.
Endow'd by nature, and adorn'd by art,
With ev'ry charm to win a gentle heart,
Her couch's ſide, the youth, unheeded, preſt;
Far other objects fill'd the matron's breaſt.
With ſick diſguſt, his teizing love ſhe bears,
His words unnoted, roll upon her ears;
Her wand'ring mind recalls *Cotytto*'s rite,
The loves, the joys, the chairmen of the night.
Nor beauty, now, nor youth, nor wit inflames;
More ſolid merit charms the modiſh dames.
Thou, gen'rous youth, who wouldſt thine honor ſave,
Oh! ſhun the ſirens as th' untimely grave;
Beware, as down th' expanſe of life you glide,
The gilded flies that float upon the tide;

Of ſilk and feathers are their ſportive wings;
But be not caught with artificial things:
All downy ſoft the tinſel inſects ſhow;
But fear the bearded hook that lurks below.

" For ever in *Cotytto*'s fane to live,
" For ever die, 'tis all the gods can give;
" If gods there be"—with ſudden fury ſtung,
Glycerias cry'd, and from her huſband flung.
When from the hall her *Sawney*'s tone ſhe knew,
She rag'd indignant, till the youth withdrew:
Not more enrag'd the freezing audience low'rs,
When long-drawn ſermons waſte the wintry hours.
Freed from the clog, with eager love ſhe ran,
She flew, to claſp the much-enduring man;
Yet inly wonder'd that, diſdaining reſt,
So ſoon again he haſted to her breaſt—
But ſo ſurpriz'd as none but ſhe can tell
Who lov'd a chairman, and who lov'd ſo well—
" Lady, I come, with ſtamm'ring tongue, he ſaid,
" I come—I come—my Lady—to be paid."

As when the traveller ruſhes on the brake
Where ſleeps in mazy folds the darting ſnake;
As when a ſtripling moves in proud array,
And meets an unpaid taylor in his way;
As when the bolt of *Jove*, deſcending red,
Inflames the hay-ſtack, o'er the ſhepherds head,
Aghaſt in pale diſmay, *Glycerias* ſtood;
Surprize and horror chill'd her curdling blood:
" How?---paid"---(the diſappointed fair-one cries,
Indignant lightnings flaſhing from her eyes)
" Haſt thou forgot the live-long night of love?
" And cannot beauty charm, nor kindneſs move?
" Ungen'rous youth! avaunt! my ſight forbear;
" I look'd for pleaſure---and of payment hear.---
" With purer flames, an *Iriſh chairman* glows,
" Nor ſordid cares, nor ſelfiſh aims he knows.
" Bear witneſs, Night, with all thy ſtarry train!
" Can faithful lovers dream of ſordid gain?
" Did *Venus* buy the love of *Mars* with gold?
" Was thine, *Rinaldo*, to th' enchantreſs * ſold?

* *Armida.*

" Did

" Did ſtrong *Alcides* from the *Lydian* dame
" Demand the payment of a mutual flame?
" Or ſings the bard, that in *Alcina*'s grove
" 'Twas gold inflam'd the *Paladine* * to love?"

" Such dreams," he cried, " may ſuit the childiſh throng,
" May well adorn a novel or a ſong:
" A voice there is, that whiſpers in mine ear,
" The voice of gain, which *Scotchmen* always hear;
" Love is a toil—a livelihood, a trade;
" And prudent lovers ſhould for love be paid.—
" What think'ſt thou humble chairmen can afford
" To give their toil for nothing, like a lord?
" Laſt night, laſt night, the pleaſures paſt behold,
" And let me feel thy gratitude in gold.—
" Nay bend not, lady, ſuch an angry frown;
" Leſt *Sawney* give thy ſecret to the town;
" Leſt gaunt and grim, before thy ſtarting eyes,
" The hated fiends of nuptial diſcord riſe,

* Ruggiero. vid. *Arioſto*.

" Proctors and advocates, a ghaſtly train;
" And ſcrolls and parchments load the groaning plain."

Vain are the pleading eyes, the melting tears,
Soft ſpeech, careſſes, and becoming fears;
Nor pleading eyes, nor ſoothing words controul
Th' unfeeling rigour of his venal ſoul.
Leſs fix'd where cold *Riphean* hills ariſe,
Some rigid pine the mountain ſtorm defies;
Or ſome vaſt mole repells the toiling main,
And whirlwinds howl, and waters daſh in vain.
Th' afflicted matron loos'd the ſtrings of gold,
And from the ſpangled purſe, an off'ring told;
Twice twenty guineas of the pureſt ore,
Five double piſtoles, and a Louiſd'ore:
Nor voice of dun, nor haughty bailiff's frown,
Need ſtartle him who call'd the ſtore his own.*
" And is this trifle all—for love like mine?
" Why do thy trinkets gleam? thy bracelets ſhine?

* Ου νυ αλοχῳ Λυγρ, &c. HOMER.

" I ſcorn

" I ſcorn thy niggard boon, ungrateful dame,
" Give me thy bracelets, or expect thy ſhame."
Her ſnowy wriſts with pearly chains were bound,
And orient gems th' enamell'd figure crown'd;
Never, to grace the laughter-loving dame,
From Vulcan's forge, a brighter trinket came:
With greedy eyes the venal *Sawney* view'd
The precious trifles, and his claim purſu'd:
With leſs deſire *Tarpeia* view'd of yore
The golden bracelets her beſiegers bore;
In evil hour—alike to ſhame betray'd,
The *Scottiſh* chairman and the *Roman* maid.
Glycerias cry'd, " May lightning ſtrike me dead!
" Or yawning earth cloſe trembling o'er my head!
" Ere thou, the vileſt of the chairman band,
" Poſſeſs the bracelet, from my tender hand.
" Is this the wretch that found *Glycerias* kind?
" Thus, thus, I give my paſſion to the wind—
" 'Twere better with a ſpouſe, to mope forlorn,
" Than truſt a chairman, and endure his ſcorn.
" Who waits below?—Fly, ſeize this ruffian wight;
" His inſtant ſuff'rings ſhall regale my ſight;

" Yon

" Yon horſe-pond ſhall his inſolence confound;
" Haſte, plunge him; let him ſwim, like puppy drown'd."

Can blind revenge, by ſtormy paſſion led,
The level paths of ſober reaſon tread?
Can manly firmneſs burſting rage controul?
How then, ſhould woman's ſoft and pliant ſoul?
As when his keepers, (cruel ſo to ſave)
Would plunge the maniac in the briny wave;
The menial bands the valiant *Scot* encloſe;
(O'erpower'd, he ſinks beneath an hoſt of foes)
By legs and arms the roaring victim take,
And ſouſe he plunges in the ſable lake.
So roars, ſo ſtruggles, to the temple led,
The ſnowy ſteer, by fair *Clitumnus* bred.
So, when the ſhepherds ſhear the fleecy train,
The ram reſiſts them, but reſiſts in vain.
Wet as a water-dog, *Macpherſon* ſtood,
And ſhook from all his robes th' unwholſome flood;
The fetid trophies of the deep he bears,
And weeps from top to toe with inky tears.

Yet,

Yet, dank and chill without, within retire,
To warm his breaſt, the ſparks of godlike ire;
And, ſputt'ring mud, "Revenge! Revenge!" he cry'd;
Revenge, Revenge, the vocal ſquares reply'd.
He curſt his love, he curſt the vengeful dame,
He curſt *Cotytto*'s rites, and myſtic flame,
Some fiend inſpires, to make the ſecret known,
And glut with tales of ſhame the ſpiteful town;
B--w-ſt--t he ſought, as deſp'rate fury led;
And direful projects labour'd in his head.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

LESS welcome is *Aurora's* dawning light
To mariners diſmay'd, whoſe bark all night
Lay toſt and beaten, by the furious wave,
That eddying rolls thro' many a ſtormy cave;
Leſs welcome to the bee, th' enamell'd flow'r;
Leſs welcome to the mead, the vernal ſhow'r;
Leſs welcome to the bird, the ſhady grove,
Leſs welcome evening, to the wiſh of love;
Than *B—w-ſt—t* to th' offended *Sawney's* eyes,
While hopes of vengeance on his ſoul ariſe.
He ſeeks the Juſtice, awful ſage, who ſways
With iron rod, and petty ſin diſmays;
The vagrant *Cupids*, and the ſtealthy band,
By *Hermes* grac'd with fob-exploring hand:

The ſage, whom bailiffs ſerve, and culprits fear,
Mild to the wealthy, to the poor ſevere.
His better fiſt, tremendous, wields the ſcale,
And pound and ounce, deals juſtice by retail;
His left a mighty purſe for gold extends,
And, as the gold is paid, the ſcale he bends.

The happy morn, was mark'd with fame and ſpoil,
Five captive robbers crown'd the ſage's toil;
In fancy, now, he told the price of blood,
And ſaw them dang'ling from the fatal wood.
Ten mother harlots ſooth'd him with a fee,
The riſing profits fill'd his ſoul with glee.
He ſhut his ſhop, and drown'd his cares in wine,
Oporto's vintage, bev'rage anodyne:
His brother juſtices were plac'd around,
Their plates with pudding and with beef were crown'd.
There, too, was ſet a hoary babe of grace,
And wine and wiſdom brighten'd ev'ry face;
While, as the potent fumes pervade the pate,
They marſhal armies, and reform the ſtate;

In

In full-voiced choir a hundred topics blend,
And now the people, now the pavements mend.

A train of ſuitors, round the portal croud,
Thick as the cluſtering bees, a buzzing cloud,
When ſudden rains along the meadow drive,
Or patt'ring hail compels them to their hive;
Thick as the ghoſts, along the *Stygian* ſhore,
When *Charon*'s boat the pious *Trojan* bore.*
At once by nature, and by fury ſtrong,
Th' impetuous *Sowney* ruſhes thro' the throng.
Louder than ſwine purſue their grunting way,
And ſqueak in preſcience of the mortal day,
When *Avon* ſees full many a glaſs-houſe riſe,
And many a ſlaughter'd hog the crimſon pavement dyes;
Or gooſe, prophetic of approaching rain,
With flagging pinions ſcorns the duſty plain;
The furious chairman thunder'd, ſtorm'd, and growl'd,
From room to room, the threats of vengeance howl'd.

* VIRGIL. Æneid VI.

Diſmay'd,

Diſmay'd, aghaſt, the pale aſſiſtants ſtand;
Nor bolts nor bars his headlong rage withſtand;
Quick, as the lightning cleaves the ſolid earth,
He burſt irreverent on the ſcene of mirth.

" A boon, a boon, time-honour'd ſirs," he cries,
" Your country calls you; from the banquet riſe,
" Shall juſtice fail in *B—w—ſt—t*'s honour'd walls?
" Or magiſtrates carouſe, when glory calls? 60
" Do you the ſcourge for humble vices hold,
" While proud offences riot uncontroll'd?
" Why hawk at larks and tits, when nobler game,
" Pheaſants and barnacles, your pounces claim?
" If city ſpouſe the name of cuckold ſcorns,
" And men of worſhip hate the growth of horns,
" Forſake your petty cares; to taſks aſpire
" Of bold emprize, that all your nerves require.
" *Cotytto*'s rites—oh how ſhall I declare!
" What foul pollutions taint the midnight air, 70
" Leſs monſtrous rout, leſs hateful rites were found,
" Where ocean clipt th' abodes of *Circe* round.

" By magic rear'd, the guilty palace tow'rs;
" And maids and matrons croud the loathſome bow'rs.
" Watchmen and bailiffs may confound their pride:
" Undaunted march, with Fortune for your guide.
" Nor think, I call you to a barren toil;
" Your virtue ſhall be paid, with mighty ſpoil.
" Theſe ſeats the wealth of various climes diſplay,
" *Guiana*, *Lybia*, *Indus*, and *Cathay*,
" In glad profuſion heap'd; and wonders ſtrange,
" As ever yet were wrought, by magic change,
" Rehears'd in hall, or bow'r, by tuneful train,
" Of claſſic, *tuſcan*, or *provençal* ſtrain."
He ſaid, and, lo! with ſudden ardour fir'd,
Which hopes of plunder and renown inſpir'd,
They cried, they ſhouted;—voices voices drown'd;
And watchmen, bailiffs, conſtables came round.
Never at tourney met a bolder throng;
Not peers of *Charlemaign* renown'd in ſong:
Not *Circe*'s ſtabled rout more loudly roars;
Not louder Ocean when he rends the ſhores.
The *Methodiſt* alone their fury ſtay'd;
" The bottle is not out", he would have ſaid;

But thirſt of plunder might not brook delay,
Their vortex ſwept the holy man away.
" Huzza!" (they cried) " down with *Cotytto!* down!"
Down with *Cotytto!* rings thro' half the town.
Wine added courage to their rageful mood,
Wings to their feet;—before the ſane they ſtood.
In front *Macpherſon* ſtrode, to point the way,
And guide the blood-hounds to their deſtin'd prey.
Their valiant hands diſplay, nor ſword, nor ſhield,
But biting axe, and weighty mattock wield:
Nor vainly wield; with many a thund'ring ſtroke,
The ſolid iron yields, and maſſive oak:
The ſhiver'd gates in airy ſplinters fly;
And ſhouts of triumph rend the vaulted ſky.

Ah! hapleſs mortals! little do they know
The future moments, while the preſent flow.
Cotytto's train again their rites purſu'd,
Again the banquet and the ſong renew'd.—
Oh horror! horror! madneſs! pale affright!
Confuſion! anguiſh! what a baleful ſight!

The

The horrid myrmidons poſſeſs the fane,
Watch, bailiffs, conſtables, a grimly train:
" Oh'! loſt, undone!" each ſcreaming matron cries;
(" *Oh! loſt, undone!*" each ſturdy ſwain replies)
" No time allow'd the head-dreſs to repair,
" Adjuſt the gown, or recompoſe the air.
" Uncivil brutes! why ſo abruptly come?
" Are theſe the manners of a drawing-room?"
So mourn'd, but vainly mourn'd, each gentle dame;
And fled, but vainly fled, to hide her ſhame.
Thus, when the bucks purſue their dappled loves,
And *Cupid* revels thro' th' enamour'd groves,
Should ſome fell maſtiff on the plain appear,
The *Paphian* rites are loſt, in panic fear.

Cynopis only, calm, and dauntleſs ſtood;
Nor fear'd th' approaching ſhame, nor men of blood.
Full fifty winters o'er her loves had roll'd;
And commerce with reproach, had made her bold:
But, that her front its borrow'd treſſes ſhows,
The ſnows of age had whiten'd on her brows.

" Degen'rate

" Degen'rate matrons! dry thoſe idle tears,
" And baniſh aukward ſhame and infant fears.
" Why, for a common ill, this childiſh woe?
" 'Tis what each wife muſt in her ſeaſon know.
" Say, what is infamy? a ſhade, a name,
" A mere hobgoblin, baby minds to tame.
" Does ſcandal wound the perſon or the purſe?
" Or is a ſep'rate maintenance, a curſe?
" Here, daughters! here—to huſh the ſtormy breaſt,
" Behold this vaſe! with ſtreams of mighty zeſt
" 'Tis fill'd, an opiate to th' afflicted dame,
" From plains of *Nants* the lov'd *Nepenthe* came:
" Each to her lips the hallow'd phial guide,
" And quaff with long-drawn gulps the racy tide.
" Its power was known, in old heroic times;
" Its power is ſung, in ever-honour'd rhymes.
" The *Cretan* damſel mourn'd along the ſhore;
" But *Bacchus* chear'd her, and ſhe wept no more.
" My daughters, learn to throw your ſhame aſide,
" Or rather, turn your ſcandal to your pride:
" Nor mourn, my dear allies, a huſband gone;
" The town ſhall fifty huſbands give for one.

" Are we not form'd, by Nature's darling art,
" To feel a thouſand paſſions, and impart?
" Vain were this ſtore of wiſhes, and of charms,
" If Nature doom'd us for a huſband's arms.
" The boundleſs pow'rs, to bleſs, and to be bleſt,
" Gods! ſhall we waſte them on a ſingle breaſt?
" No, conſcious of our charter let us rove;
" The kind Sultanas of promiſcuous love."

Her words and cordial re-aſſur'd the dames;
When thus, *O Connor* from the croud exclaims:
(*O Connor*, ſtouteſt ſwain of *Erin*'s race,
In ſtrength *Alcides*, *Hyacinth* in grace.)
" Aſſembled dames, and ſinewy chairmen hear:
" Why are your ſpirits pall'd with daſtard fear?
" Say, why to chairmen hath all-bounteous heav'n
" The brawny fiſt, and mighty muſcles giv'n?
" For fight! for fight!---th' inſpiring god I feel,
" New ſtring my ſhoulders, and my knuckles ſteel;
" My boſom trembles with informing flaime,
" The rage of battle, and the thirſt of fame.

" Spirit

" Spirit of *Fin Macool*, from ſhades below,
" And thou, *Cotytto!* hear the ſolemn vow;
" *O'Connors*, hear! from you my lineage ſprings,
" The long, long ſeries of *Connitian* kings;
" Hear, *Brian Borumh!* from the realms of night;
" And thou, *Mileſius!* matchleſs in thy might;
" This very day ſhall ſtout *O Connor* fall;
" Or yon baſe ſquadrons fly the ſacred wall."

With mighty hand, a candleſtick he ſeiz'd,
Th' extinguiſh'd candle ſmoulder'd as it weint;
Thus, red and diſmal, with portentous glare,
The comet ruſhes thro' the poiſon'd air.
Sawney the firſt-fruits of his treaſon found;
O Connor's proweſs fell'd him to the ground:
Th' undaunted chief purſues the vig'rous blow;
And many a mighty conſtable lay low.
Jugs, pitchers, bottles, candleſticks he flung,
And crackling glaſſes round their temples rung.
There *Wagſtaff*, *Crabtree*, *Clodpole*, *Jolthead* died,
From *Elbow*'s noſtrils, guſh'd a crimſon tide.

As ſkilful reapers lay the ſwarth along,
In rows, *O Connor* fell'd the cuckold throng;
Or, as, in ſlaughter-houſe the butchers ſtand,
And oxen ſink, whene'er they raiſe the hand.

Forth ſtept a Juſtice, rev'rend, grave and wiſe;
"Brothers, let's read the *Riot Act*," he cries,
And ſunk;—for on his head, enormous weight,
A huge commode deſcends with all its freight.
Scarce could five beaux the vaſe within ſuſtain;
By *Phelim* hurl'd it ſcatter'd drizling rain;
The ſhiver'd urn in painted atoms flew,
And amber ſtreams the proſtrate chief bedew.

O'Carrol next th' eventful combat tries;
Flung by his hand, a copious punch-bowl flies;
On Juſtice *Guzzle*'s vaſty head it fell,
And ſtunn'd him, with the vaſe he lov'd ſo well.
With *Paddy*, *Murtagh* to the battle flew;
And one a diſh, and one a ſauce-boat threw:

The diſh and ortolans divinely led,
Alight and reſt on Juſtice *Turtle*'s head;
Well could he teach where fatteſt veniſon roves,
What ſhores the turbot, what the lobſter loves;
The God of eating gave the wond'rous lore;
Now lifeleſs, cold, his learning is no more.
The ſauce-boat, at a full-fed Juſtice thrown,
Err'd from its mark, yet brought a bailiff down.

Nor were the matrons wanting to the fray;
With martial cries they ſhare the well-fought day.
Fierce as the dames of rocky *Cyrnus* * ſtood,
And dy'd their free-born hands in *Gallic* blood;
Or fiercer *Amazons*, renown'd of old,
Th' embattled car by freezing *Tanais* roll'd.
Rage lends them weapons for the deathful field;
Some brandiſh knives, and others ladles wield.
The proud *Gorgopis* in the van appears,
A burning poker in her hand ſhe bears.

* The ancient name of *Corſica*.

In evil hour the *Methodiſt* was nigh;
Deep, deep, ſhe plung'd the weapon in his eye;
His eye, that well with holy leer could rove,
And youthful ſiſters call to works of love.
So when the *Cyclops* gorg'd with carnage lay,
Where cavern'd rocks immur'd the human prey,
And doom'd to future feaſts the *Greekiſh* band;
Laertes' offspring felt the glaring brand;
The hiſſing flames devour'd the orb of ſight,
And plung'd the ſavage in eternal night.
A poliſh'd mirror *Philomiſge* hurl'd,
It darted lightnings as in air it whirl'd;
Its ſcatter'd fragments on the floor diſplay
A ſecond combat, and reflected fray.
Now loud and frequent roſe the din of fight;
As howlings o'er the *Lybian* wilds by night;
Loud as when ſhrieking *Bacchæ* rend the ſky,
And, crown'd with ivy, toſs their ſpears on high.
Th' invading bands recoil, with heartleſs fear,
Flight in the van, confuſion in the rear.

One chief, and one alone, undaunted ſtood;
A mighty pole he graſp'd of pond'rous wood:
Once had he ply'd a barge on ſilver *Thame*,
But now a watchman, *Midnight* was his name.
A nymph of *Billingſgate*, with am'rous fire,
Inflam'd a god, and *Neptune* was his ſire:
His war-like ſon, the god with favour view'd,
And youthful vigour in his age renew'd.
Beneath his arm, *Gynopis*, *Lycis*, died,
And fierce *Gorgopis* in her tow'ry pride;
Glycerias, *Biblis*, and *Bacchante* fell,
Fair *Philomiſge* ſought the ſhades of hell.
To quell his rage, the daring *Murtagh* flew,
And at the chief a brazen *Venus* threw,
Torn from the ſolid baſe; with erring courſe
She fled, and on a Juſtice ſpent her force.
The puiſſant watchman, with a mighty thruſt
Returns th' aſſault,—and *Murtagh* bites the duſt;
Yet not in death; reſerv'd by *Jove*'s decree
Ere long to periſh on the gallow tree.

Young *Paddy* next th' unequal combat dares;
Fair on his ſhoulders wav'd the cluſt'ring hairs,
And o'er his cheeks the bloom of beauty rov'd;
Him *Lycis* woo'd, and *Philomiſge* lov'd.
A noble youth, (as from the chace he came,)
His mother view'd, and felt an am'rous flame;
Her ſnowy ſmocks on *Slany*'s bank ſhe dry'd,
The youth compreſt her, by the river's ſide.
Endow'd with beauteous form and manly grace,
Young *Paddy* iſſu'd from the ſtol'n embrace;
In early life, the fleecy care he fed,
But envious fate his ſteps to *London* led:
Unhappy youth! he feels a gory wound,
The ſhades of death his ſwimming eyes ſurround.
So ſome tall holy-hock, ſurcharg'd with rain,
Droops the bright head, and fades upon the plain.

Now ev'ry Juſtice to the fight returns;
Cotytto's bands recoil, the combat burns;
Confuſion on confuſion, rout on rout,
The groan of anguiſh, the victorious ſhout.

But

But valiant *Thady* cheers the fainting throng;
Him *Shelah* bore, unrival'd in the ſong;
His fire in darkneſs piped on *Ullin*'s plain,
Heav'n ſnatch'd his ſight, but gave th' immortal ſtrain.
The pious warrior thus preferr'd his pray'r:
" Hear, great *Cotytto*! from thy cloudy chair;
" If worthy homage at thy ſhrine I paid,
" Or grateful ſtrains before thy altar play'd,
" Give me to chace yon watchman from the fray,
" And ſeize his pole, the trophy of the day:
" With ſculpture grac'd, that votive pole ſhall ſtand,
" Myſterious enſign to thy pious band."
He graſp'd a ſtove (his arms *Cotytto* ſtrung),
And ſtove and embers at the watchman flung:
The burning coals deſcend, like ſhooting ſtars,
That glance the ſignals of impending wars;
Fate ſtops the watchman's breath, and ſeals his eyes;
He falls, and grinning on the pavement lies.
So grinning, lies, deform and ſtiff with gore,
The lordly lion, or the tuſky boar.
With ſhouts the victor ſeiz'd his captive pole;
Tumbling in heaps on heaps, th' invaders roll;

Cotytto's train purſued them as they fled,
And tall *O Connor* thunder'd at their head.

But *Methodiſm* ſublime in air appear'd;
A bloody ſtandard to the mob ſhe rear'd;
Her red right hand a flaming firebrand bore,
And Suicide had ſtain'd her robes with gore.
Demoniac Frenzy clamour'd at her ſide,
Deſpairing Anguiſh, and religious Pride.
In peals of thunder, to the croud ſhe calls:
" Raze, raze, my children! yon *Gomorra*'s walls;
" There dwells the golden calf, and *Rimmon*'s ſtar;
" And whores of *Babylon* convoke from far
" Children of *Belial*, an inceſtuous croud,
" As mourn'd for *Thammuz*, or to *Baalim* bow'd."
Prompt at her call, beneath the Goddeſs ſtand,
The ſooty *Mulcibers*, a daring band;
The countleſs tribes that flying ſhuttles guide,
And butchers fell in gory crimſon dy'd.

Now

Now dire diſmay thro' half the town had rung,
More hideous rout than ever poet ſung;
And youths and matrons had reſign'd their life;
But *Jove* deſcends to calm the riſing ſtrife.
The King of Gods in awful ſtate appears;
With ſtedfaſt hand the golden ſcale he bears,
Incumbent, ſailing on his eagle's plume;
Behind him rides his new Apoſtle *Hume*:*
With mighty pounce, th' imperial bird of *Jove*,
Wields the red bolt that awes the Gods above.
The God, ſevere, and dreadfully ſerene,
Reproves *Cotytto*, and the rival Queen.

* "If we examine without prejudice the antient heathen mythology as contained in the poets, we ſhall not diſcover in it any ſuch monſtrous abſurdity as we may be apt at firſt to imagine. Where is the difficulty of conceiving that the ſame powers and principles, whatever they were, which formed this viſible world, men and animals, produced alſo a ſpecies of intelligent creatures of more refined ſubſtance and greater authority than the reſt? That theſe creatures may be capricious, revengeful, paſſionate, voluptuous, is eaſily conceived; nor is any circumſtance more apt amongſt ourſelves to engender ſuch vices than the licence of abſolute authority. And in ſhort the whole mythological ſyſtem is ſo *natural*, that in the vaſt variety of planets and worlds contained in this univerſe, it ſeems *more than probable*, that ſome where or other it is *really* carried into execution."—Hume's Nat. Hiſt. of Religion, Sect. 11.—*Eſſays*, Vol. II. p. 455, 8vo. edit. 1767.

"Daughters!"

" Daughters!" he ſaid, " forbear the martial ſtrain;
" Siſters ye are, and ſhould like ſiſters reign.
" Your labours to a common centre tend;
" By various means, ye ſeek a common end.
" Now hear, with rev'rence hear, your king decide:
" Share the dominion, and in peace abide.
" Thou, *Methodiſm*, poſſeſs the city train,
" Who find that decent godlineſs is gain:
" *Cotytto*, thou, the courtly band of Vice,
" Whoſe ſins demand the haut-gout of caprice;
" Of birth too noble to reſpect a name,
" Of ſouls too dignified to feel a ſhame."
The Thund'rer ſought the ſtarry-paved abode,
Where *Hebe* waited and the nectar flow'd.
Th' obedient Siſters to their temples haſte,
Reſume their orgies,—and the war is paſt.

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

☞ The author being at ſome diſtance from the preſs, his laſt corrections did not arrive till ſome of the ſheets were printed off. The reader is, therefore, requeſted, after line 72, Canto I. to inſert the following verſes.

A wond'rous fountain 'midſt the fane aroſe,
The tepid ſtream, involv'd in vapours, flows;
A ſubtle Demon o'er the well preſides,
And guilty flames inform the boiling tides.
Two mighty baths receiv'd it's parted courſe,
Of various poiſon, but of equal force;
Their potent magick chang'd the votive race,
And either ſex uſurp'd the other's place:
One, white as milk, ſubdued the manly kind,
To female organs, with a female mind;
It's neighbour, ruddy like the wine-preſs ran,
And bade the woman riſe a daring man.

But both alike enkindled foul desires,
The stormy passions, and the raging fires;
Quick, bursting, trembling, flashing on the soul,
No thought, no pause, no measure, no controul.—
New from the spring, before the Goddess' eye,
Their alter'd pow'rs exulting myriads try.

11 : 7 : 19

ERRATA.

CANTO I. l. 47. for *ſofteſt* read *downy*.
l. 49. for *ſweeteſt* read *ſofteſt*.
l. 111. for *ſoldiers* read *ſoldier's*.

CANTO II. l. 49. after *love* dele the full point, and put a comma.
l. 97. for *for* read *from*.
l. 103. after *below* dele the full point, and put a comma.

CANTO III. l. 142. for *ſhepherds* read *ſhepherd's*.

ERRATA

CANTO I. l. 47. for ſhall read drawn.
l. 49. for Fountaſh read Fountain.
l. 111. for Fallen read Fallow's.

CANTO II. l. 49. after hare dele the full point, and put a comma.
l. 97. for for read from.
l. 103. after below dele the full point, and put a comma.

CANTO III. l. 141. for ſt Aland read Eyland's.